

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1861.

NO. 28.

CALENDAR—1861.

1861.	1861.	1861.	1861.	1861.	1861.
JAN.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	FEB.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	MARCH.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
APRIL.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	MAY.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	JUNE.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
JULY.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	AUG.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	SEPT.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
OCT.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	NOV.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12	DEC.	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

Business Cards.

W. P. ELLISON. M. B. DE SILVA.
ELLISON & De SILVA,
PROPRIETORS OF THE
ELLISON HOUSE.
Jackson Street
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Respectfully announces his readiness to give
prompt attention to all professional calls.
He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of
the University of Michigan, and to the Medical Faculty
of the University of the City of New York.
Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 20, 1860—mnd

J. W. VORHES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.
OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858—v2n35y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
HOLMESVILLE, O.
Respectfully informs the public that he has located
himself in the above village, for the practice of his
profession.
OFFICE, four doors west of Reed's cor-
ner.
Aug. 4, 1858—v2n35y1.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST.
MILLERSBURG, O.
I am now prepared to furnish to order all
the different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to an
entire set.
OFFICE, on Main Street, two doors east of
Dr. Belling's office, up stairs.
June 9, 1860—t2

D. R. C. G. V. BOLING,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
MILLERSBURG, O.
THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the public.
Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.
April 15, 1858—v2n35y1.

DR. EBRIGT,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
MILLERSBURG, O.
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Empire House.
Residence on Clay Street, opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

J. P. ALBAN,
DENTIST.
MILLERSBURG, O.
A refined tooth in-
sertion on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite &
Porcelain base.
Teeth Extracted,
Cleaned or filled—
Satisfaction war-
ranted.

Room at the "Ellison House."
Nov. 28, 1860—yl.

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Of Every Description,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

PLAIN & FANCY
JOE PRINTING
OF ALL KINDS, NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THIS OFFICE.

CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
BOOKS & STATIONERY.
MILLERSBURG, Ohio.

TO THE PUBLIC.
A. WAITS, having purchased Wray &
Jensen's Improved Sewing Machine, is still on
hand to wait on the public in the way of a
sewing.

CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above Jan. Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860—mnd. A. WAITS.

BAKER & WHOLF,
**Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,**
AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.

PURCHASERS OF
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS,
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,
ALSO,
Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow and all kinds
of Dried Fruits.

WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856—44

E. STEINBAUER & CO.,
**Produce & Commission
MERCHANTS,**
Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuff, Salt Fish, White and Water Lime,
PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.

M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 31, 1860—41

Poetry.

FARWELL TO WINTER.

BY LEAH LEE.

Haste, haste away cold winter,
You have tarried now too long.
We want to see the will grass spring,
And hear the wild bird's song.

Among the pebbles of the brook
The rippling waters gush,
Along its mossy banks and flowers
In gorgeous beauty blush:

The birch and willow tassel,
And the maple keys come forth,
And the winter snows lie homeward
To their caverns in the earth:

To see the farmer sally out
To meet the rosy dawn,
And whistling, drive his team afield,
Across the dewy lawn.

Yet we would not be ungrateful,
For winter old and hoary,
We thank him for long evenings
With their pleasant song and story:

We thank him for the sleigh-rides,
And the merry chime of bells,
For the snowballs and the skatings,
And the cooing down the hills:

For the iridescent crystals,
That deck the forests green,
With jewels bright as ever glowed
In crown of king or queen:

Yes, here's enough to make the heart
Overflow with gratitude,
All God has made is beautiful,
For all his works are good.

HALF AN HOUR IN A RAILROAD OFFICE.

Traveler—"New York," planting the
price of a ticket. The ticket clerk jots
it on a ticket, and jots in the money almost
in an instant, without a word, and the
traveler leaves place for the next comer,
who perhaps has the same destination,
but who occupies much more time in
making his wants known, something after
this style:

"What's the fare to New York?"

"Five dollars."

"How long afore you start?"

"Ten minutes."

"Ah—can you change a fifty dollar
bill?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give me the change in Boston money,
(laying out the fifty,) an in five dollar
bills if you can."

Change is made, and the ticket thrown
out, almost in a second of time.

"Do you get into New York as early
now as usual?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time does the Felidely train
leave to-morrow mornin'?"

"Seven-thirty."

By this time the querist has gathered
up his bank notes, folded them up, put
them smoothly into a pocket book, poked
his umbrella into the stomach of a hated
individual from the rural districts, who
was waiting nervously behind him, and by
the delay caused the collection of a half a
dozen other applicants for tickets.

Next comes the countryman's turn.
(Breathless)—"Thicket or Boston?"

"You are in Boston now, sir."

"Oh—er! Yes, ha, ha, ha! I want
to go to Plymouth ville—(no show of money.)

"Forty-five cents!"—(waiting for a
show funds.)

"Yes; wal, I'll take one ticket."

"Yes, sir, forty-five cents."

By this time the gentleman from the
rural district comprehends the pay in ad-
vance principle adopted at all well-regu-
lated railway stations, and fishing into the
pockets of his pantaloons, he produces a
leather sheath, a couple of buttons, a
suspender buckle, and some change—
from the latter, a twenty five cent piece,
two half dimes, two three-cent pieces, and
four cents, are laboriously extracted, and
deposited on the counter, from which
they are rapidly swept by three or four
dexterous passes of the clerk, who turns
to serve a lady.

"I want a lady's ticket to Providence,"
depositing a five dollar note. Clerk
throws out a "lady's ticket," which bears
a striking similarity to, and in fact would
be called a twin brother of a "gentleman's
ticket," and the change at the same time.
Lady cautiously examines the bank note
she has received in exchange—"Is this a
good bill?"

"Certainly, madam, we give none other."

Lady retires, perfectly satisfied. The
next customer is an illustrious exile, whom
we have every reason to suppose has re-
cently fared sumptuously upon a repast in
which onions must have figured conspicu-
ously as a vegetable, and moderate priced
whisky as the principal beverage.

"Shure an' what's the price of a click-
et now to New York."

"Deck passage, two dollars and a half."

"Wouldn't yez take a dollar and sinvity-
five; shure, it's all the money I've got at all."

"No! two dollars and fifty cents."

(Persuasively)—"Shure, wouldn't ye
take two dollars?"

"Not a cent less than two fifty. (Em-
phatically.) Pass your money or pass on."

Pat, finding blarney and persuasion of
no use in this instance, counts out his cash,
which the quick eye of the clerk discovers
to be a little short of the required amount.

"Three cents more."

The stray three cent piece is reluctantly
dropped from Patrick's warm palm, and the
individual who succeeds anxiously inquires
what time the five o'clock train leaves, and
is seriously informed: "At sixty minutes
pas four."

The next inquires—"Has Mr. Smith
bought a ticket for this train?"

"Can't say, sir; don't know him."

"Oh! he's a dark-complexioned man, had
on a dark overcoat, and an umbrella under
his arm."

In consideration of the fact that about
fifty "dark-complexioned" individuals, with
dark overcoats on, had purchased tickets

of the clerk, some having umbrellas un-
der their arms and some not, it is not very
extraordinary that he does not recollect
which one is Mr. Smith.

All the time these negotiations are go-
ing on, eager interrogators on the outer
circle of the crowd about the office are
propounding questions, and a running fire
of them and replies fill up every possible
pause.

"When does the next train start?"

"Ten minutes of five."

"Say you what do you tax to Mansfield?"

"Seventy-five cents."

Sailor—"Purser, give us a card for New
Bedford." Slaps down a gold piece, sweeps
ticket and change back into the crown of
his hat, takes a bit of the weed, and rolls
off to a car "well foreord."

"Does this train stop at L?"

"No! this is the express train."

"Which one does?"

"Accommodation—leaves at two and
one-half o'clock."

"Ticket—n'arf to Providence."

"How old is the half ticket?"

"Hey!"

"How old is the child you want the
ticket for?"

"'Tween seven and eight."

"Is that the boy?" pointing to a lad
about eleven, who was endeavoring to
make himself look as short as possible by
crouching his legs and resting his chin on
the counter.

"Yes, that's him; s'pose you only charge
half price for boys."

"Full price for him, sir."

"Full price? why, he's only a boy; you
and n'ot charge full price."

"Big enough to occupy a seat, sir; full
price, if you please."

The applicant reluctantly draws out the
money, and the boy grows some eight or
ten inches in as many seconds.

Ticket for New York," says another,
throwing down a ten-dollar note. The
clerk gives a rapid glance at the bank note,
followed by a keen searching one at the
applicant, and then replies: "Counterfeit!"
The dropping of the under jaw, the blank
and stupefied amazement, proves at once
the official's judgment was correct, and
that the applicant was unconscious of the
character of the note until he tendered it
payment for a ticket.

Swearing.

The practice of swearing now-a-days is
very common. But not to mention its
profanity, it must be pronounced a very
foolish and useless habit. A man who re-
members his constant dependence on God,
the bounties which he is daily receiving
from his hand, should not take the Lord's
name in vain. How can he take the
name of the Holy One lightly and irre-
verently upon his lips? God is constantly
seeking his good: From him every blessing
proceeds. How then can he treat his
Creator, Preserver and Father with such
ingratitude as this, and curse himself or
his fellow men, made after the similitude
of God?

But if a man properly respects himself,
he will give up this habit. He must own
that it can have no utility. Men will not
believe any man more readily because he
swears what he states is true. The com-
mon language of a profane man is so offen-
sive to good taste, to virtue, morality, and
especially to religion, that it must to some
extent lower him in the estimation of the
community at large.

It is pleaded, sometimes, as an excuse
for the practice, or for its continuance,
that men have become so habituated to
the custom they do not know when they
swear! Such an excuse would hardly be
made in any case. No man says, "I have
sworn so often I do not know when I swear."

Or, "I am so addicted to lying, that I do
not know when I lie." Any man can check,
and ultimately cure himself of this prac-
tice, who will make an honest faithful ef-
fort to that end. Men who are profane
ordinarily, and will often apologize if they
do. A man who swears at the wharf, in
the market, in trade, and at the political
meeting, at home will not suffer an oath
to fall from his lips. The presence of a
wife, mother, sister, child, puts a guard
upon his tongue, and impels him to hal-
low, in word, at least, the name of his God.
And could a man truly feel, at all times,
and in every place, he is in the presence
of God there would be in that thought
inspiration and strength, and the medita-
tions of his heart, and the words of his lips
must—it would seem—be pure, reverent,
and acceptable in His sight.

The Social Horror.

An untidy woman! (little soap and much
perfume. Plenty of jewelry and lack of
strings and buttons. Silks and laces, and
tattered under-clothes. Diamond rings
and soiled collars. Feathers and flowers,
and battered caprill. Silk stockings and
shabby boots. Who has not seen her? If
you are a person of courage, enter her
dressing room. Make your way over the
carpet through mismatched slippers, tippets,
belts, ribbon, hair pins, pictorial magazines,
fashion prints and unpaid bills and look
freely around for a chair that is sufficiently
free from dust to sit down upon. Look
at the dingy muslin window curtains, the
questionable bed quilt and pillow cases,
the unwholesomeness of everything your eye
falls upon.

Open the closet door, and see the piles
of dresses, all waiting the stitch in time,
heaped pell mell upon their pegs; see the
band-boxes without covers, and all the
horrible paraphernalia of a lazy, vivid, in-
efficient, vacant, idealless female monstrosi-
ty, who will, of course, be chosen out of
a bevy of practical, good, common sense
girls, by some man who prides himself on
"his knowledge of woman," as his "help
meet" for life! I use the word "monstrosi-
ty" advisedly; for even in the cell of
a prison I have seen wretched females
trying, with woman's beautiful instinct, to
brighten and beautify the bare walls with
some rude colored print. Thank Heavens!
the untidy woman is the exception, not
the rule. Would we could say the same
of the untidy man.

FANNY FERN.

A GOLD WATCH IN A RAG BAG.

A True Story.

Fortunes do not always bring from great
investments of ten-thousand-dollar capi-
tals. Small savings are oftentimes the
germs of wealth and independence—cent
upon cent, half-dime upon half-dime, and
dollar upon dollar—these are the founda-
tions that most frequently uphold golden
structures. Never suffer yourself to say,
"It is only a cent or two—not worth sav-
ing!" Only a cent or two! Put it back
into your pocket—keep it there, and it will
be a great deal easier for you to say "No!"
to yourself when the impulse comes to
squander a dollar or two or even a hun-
dred dollars or two.

Not even a pin—not even a stray piece
of twine—not even a scrap of white cloth
is too worthless to save. You will never
grow rich by piling money together, as
long as you do not understand the prac-
tical meaning of the good old proverb:
"Waste not, want not."

Perhaps a little anecdote—a simple re-
lation of facts that really happened—may
serve to illustrate our subject, better than
any other.

A lady in the vicinity of Bridgeport,
Conn., was in the habit of putting out
shirts to make, for a fine large clothing es-
tablishment, to a number of women in the
neighborhood. In the cutting of these,
there were a great many little odds and
ends of cloth left over—pieces so small to
be of use, and the first thought was, of
course, to toss them into the fire. "No,"
she said; "I will save them as they ac-
cumulate, and perhaps I may get enough
of them to exchange with the innkeeper
for some kitchen article or other. So she left
them in her house-wife-like, and in a few
weeks there was quite a pile.

One day a neighbor came and on hear-
ing the destination of the scraps, advised
that they should be sent to a paper mill at
some little distance. "They will give you
three or four cents a pound for them," said
he, "and that is better than exchanging them
for tin."

She asked her husband's advice. To
him a few rags more or less seemed as a
trivial affair.

"Do as you like," said he, laughingly,
"you may have all the money you can
make out of the rags!"

She took him at his word, and in two
or three months some half-dozen barrels
of rags were sent by some one who was
going in the direction of the paper-mill.

To her surprise and pleasure, a new, rust-
ling five-dollar bill came back.

Again the impulse to spend it for some
little ornament was checked. "No," she
resolved, "all my rag money shall go into
the Savings' Bank."

And into the Savings' Bank it went ac-
cordingly. Years rolled by—more rags
were saved and sold—interest and princi-
pal accumulated. At length an unusual
opportunity presented itself for the pur-
chase of a beautiful gold watch. Forty
dollars was the price.

"I will not ask my husband to with-
draw any necessary funds from his busi-
ness," she thought, "but now is the time
to make my rag-money useful!"

The gold watch was purchased—lit-
erally with rags. We will not pause to
chronicle the envy and astonishment of
those ladies of the vicinity to whom a
gold watch was unattainable as the Ko-
hinoor diamond, yet we thought it was
hardly worth while to save the clippings
from their work-tables!

Yet this was not the end of it. The
bank fund of which the bundle of rags
were the origin, now amounts to over ten
times the original sum!

"I do not know how it has accumu-
lated," said the lady to us. "A few cut-
tings and scraps laid aside whenever I cut
out a shirt—a few dollars carried to the
bank when I went to the city—a little
interest added on from time to time—it
has grown up, almost without thought or
care on my part."

Reader! is not this example worth fol-
lowing? Our moral is a simple one—save
the trifles, if you would be rich!

Senator Crittenden on the Pros- pect.

SENATE, Jan. 28, 1861.—My dear
Coombs: I feel under many obligations to
you for your many letters, and I beg that you
will continue the correspondence, notwith-
standing my omissions. What with busi-
ness, consultations, and unavoidable com-
pany, I have in truth hardly time to write
a line to the best friend, or even to draw
a free breath. Your letters have a fresh-
ness about them that makes me feel and
see the things you tell me. All things
here are in chaos and darkness, yet I have
every confidence that though my resolu-
tions may not pass, they will be the root
out of which a settlement will grow.

The news from Frankfort is that you
will not call a Convention. I am glad of
it. There is no cause why we should
hasten out of the Union at this time, and
unless that is intended, I do not know what
we want with a Convention. Preparations
made often induce us to do things from
which more consideration would have re-
strained us. Old Kentucky has too much
dignity and history to be drifted about by
every changing tide in politics. Her
movements in the present crisis ought to
be well measured, well considered, and
marked with steadfast manliness. We
ought to see clearly what we are to gain
by disunion, before we abandon a Union
in which we have enjoyed so much liberty,
so much property, and so many blessings.

I write in haste, and must conclude.

Your friend,
General L. COOMBS.

Ohio State Fair.

The State Board of Agriculture has been
in session at Columbus within the past
few days, and has decided to hold the an-
nual fair at Dayton, being led to this de-
cision, doubtless, by the fact that the last
Fair was eminently successful, and that the
grounds there will be fitted up for the pur-
pose.

Webster—Clay—Lincoln.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Lincoln was
waited on at the Astor House by the Re-
publican Committees of New York. In
the address of the principle speaker, he
said that it was a remarkable incident that
there should have been but three re-
ceptions in that room. One was to Daniel
Webster, the second to Henry Clay, and
the third to Abraham Lincoln. In re-
sponse to the address Mr. Lincoln said:

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am rather an old
man to avail myself of such excuses as I
am now about to do; yet the truth is so
distinct, and presses so distinctly upon me,
that I cannot well avoid it—that is, that I
did not understand, when I was brought
into this room, that I was to make a speech.
It was not intimated to me that I was
brought into a room where Daniel Web-
ster and Henry Clay had made speeches,
and where I, in my position, an expected
to do something like those men, or at least
say something worthy of myself. I there-
fore beg you to make allowance for the cir-
cumstances under which I have been by
surprise brought before you. I have been
very much in the habit of thinking, and
sometimes speaking, on the questions that
have agitated the people. If I were dis-
posed to do so, and we were able to take
up some of the issues, and I was called upon
to make an argument, I could do it
without much deliberation. But that is
not what you desire to have done here to-
night. I have been occupying the position,
since the election, of silence—of avoiding
public speaking. I have been doing so be-
cause I thought upon due consideration,
that was the proper course for me to take.
[Applause.] I am brought before you
now to make a speech, while you all ap-
prove, more than anything else, that I have
been keeping silence. [Great laughter and
renewed cheering, the audience taking the
full humor of the thing.] It seems to me
the response you give to that remark ought
to justify me in closing just here. [More
laughter.]

I have not kept silence since the Presi-
dential election from any party craftiness
or for any indifference to the anxieties that
pervade the minds of men in this country.
I have kept silence for the reason that it
was peculiarly proper for me to wait until
the time should come when, according to
the custom of the country, I would speak
officially: [Applause.] I hear some one
say, "According to the custom of the
country?" I allude to the custom on the
President's taking the oath of office, of his
declaring what course he thinks should be
pursued. That is what I mean. The po-
litical drama acting before the country at
this time is rapidly shifting its scenes. It
was eminently fitting that I should wait
till the last minute, so that I could choose
a position from which I should not be
obliged to deviate. I have said several
times on this journey and now repeat to
you, I shall then take the ground that I
think is right—the ground that I shall
then think right for the North, the South,
the East, the West and the whole country.
[Cries of good, good, and great cheering.]
And in doing so I hope to be no neces-
sarily pressing upon me to say anything in
conflict with the Constitution, in conflict
with the continued Union of these United
States, in conflict with the liberty of the
people, nor anything in conflict with any-
thing whatever I have given you reason to
expect from me. [Hearty and long con-
tinued applause.] Now, my friends, have
I not said enough? [Applause, which, as
the humor of the thing was fully perceived,
broke forth into a loud huzza.] Now, my
friends, there is a difference of opinion
between you and me, and I insist on de-
ciding the question.

Whites and Slaves.

The whites in South Carolina number
308,000; the slaves 407,000. Here are a
majority of 100,000 and more to be kept
in subjection to their masters. They have
heard from their masters, of the designs of
the Republican party to set them free af-
ter the 4th. With such idea inculcated in
their ignorant minds, have not the whites
reason to fear the power of the lion that
they have thus far kept a bay. They are
putting muskets and swords into the hands
of these blacks "to fight the abolitionists,"
but will they not find the tuition they give
in the arts of war, a dangerous lesson?

Do they never fear that this power will
be against them, and use with murderous
precision the knowledge their masters
have imparted to them? Playing with
fire and gun powder is not more danger-
ous than with an excitable horde of negroes
and mulattoes, who have laid out in their
hearts that they are to be free and out of
the power of their feared and hated mas-
ters. Should the "Southern Army" march
to the northward to war upon the Union
and its Capital, they will have a more fer-
ocious enemy in the rear to guard against,
than the ones who stand before them in
the defence of their country.

The Great Western Plains of Amer- ica.

These occupy a longitudinal paral-
lel nearly one thousand miles wide, ex-
tending from the Texas to the Atlantic
coast, and from the Rocky Mountains to
the western border of Louisiana, Arkan-
sas, Missouri, and Iowa—are equal to the
surface of twenty-four States between the
Mississippi and the